THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1809.

MISS SEWARD.

THE literary world has recently sustained a loss, in the death of this ingenious and charming writer, whose talents were of a superior kind. She was the only surviving daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, a gentleman of erudition and fine taste. Perceiving the early dawn of poetic genius in his daughter Anna, the subject of our present memoir, he took every possible care to encourage her in those pursuits to which her inclination led, and was both astonished and delighted to find that her progress surpassed his expectations.

Notwithstanding her extraordinary talents, she was extremely timid, and so little desirous of popularity, that she never attempted publishing till persuaded by her excellent friend, Lady Millar. The first production which drew on her public attention, was an elegy on the death of Captain Cook, and in the ensuing spring she produced a monody on the cruel fate of her esteemed friend, Major André,

which for sublimity and pathos can scarcely be equalled. Indeed this was a task which awakened all the powers of her soul, the gallant André being the most faithful lover of the beautiful and amiable Honora Sneyd, for whom Miss Seward felt the most enthusiastic friendship, and whose correspondence has been lately published in Mr. Smith's interesting narrative of the death of Major André. Miss Sneyd afterwards married Mr. Edgworth, the author, and died at the early age of twenty-seven.

The next affliction Miss Seward experienced, was in the loss of her excellent father, to whom her attentions were unremitted and exemplary: after which melancholy event she devoted her whole time to literary occupations, and produced—An Elegy on the Death of Lady Millar—A Poetical Novel, called Louisa—An Epic Ode on the Return of General Elliot from Gibraltar—and Llangollen Vale. Her last work was, the life of her inestimable friend and guide, Dr. Darwin.

By her will, she has given all her letters and papers of consequence to Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, to be published, from which the most interesting particulars concerning her may be collected.

WHICH IS THE HYPOCRITE?

A DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 261.)

An Apartment in the House of Madame Montauban.

Alphonsine and Michael.

Michael—I think, Alphonsine, your delay is rather unreasonable; why should you still find excuses to defer the hour of my happiness?

Alphonsine.—Forgive my hesitation, Michael; and believe I have a sincere esteem for you; but we are still too young to enter into engagements of such a solemn nature.

Mich.—Ah, my dear friend, I can plainly perceive this is but an evasion; your manner last night, your hesitation now, all convinces me that you have seen one whom you prefer. Nay, blush not, Alphonsine; believe me, my regard is too sincere to allow me to put any constraint on your inclination.

Alph.—Why will you indulge these hasty suspicions; can you think me so light and indiscreet, as to feel this sudden preference for a stranger?

Mich.—I know the purity of your mind, Alphonsine; and I know that if you have yielded your inexperienced heart to a sudden and unavoidable impression, it has been undesignedly on your part; and I should be base indeed to accuse you.

Alph.—You are a generous advocate, my dear Michael, and I feel the delicacy of your conduct with gratitude; but no more of this. Hark! do not you hear horses trampling? *(Runs to the window).* A party of soldiers; they wear the count's uniform; what can it mean? They call upon your name; sure I hear the voice of madame in supplication.

The Soldiers, accompanied by Domestics from the Castle, rush into the Room.

Officer.—You must accompany us, signor.

Mich.—Whither?

Officer.—To the castle, to answer for your crime.

Mich.—I have committed no crime.

Officer.—That must be enquired into anon; the ladies must accompany you.

Madame.—Heavens! what can this mean?

Officer.—We are sorry to occasion you this inconvenience, Madam; but the count, my master, has been basely stab-

bed by an assassin, who, from his dress and figure, all suppose to be Signor Michael.

Alph.—Horrible! it cannot be.

Madam.—I am so thoroughly convinced of my son's innocence, that I no longer fear to accompany you. Come, Alphonsine; all will be well.

Officer.—We have a carriage ready for you, ladies; and you shall suffer no insult; lead on.

[*Exeunt, guarding Michael.*

SCENE.

The House of Hypollita.

Enter Theodore and Flippanti.

Flip.—Oh, count! we did not expect a visit from you at such a time as this. We thought you too deeply engrossed with your melancholy loss.

Theod.—You are in an error, Flippanti. I have no loss to deplore; but how came you by this information?

Flip.—Why, is not the count, your noble uncle, dead?

Theod.—No, thank heaven! he is recovering fast; but I have no time to waste on you, my pretty one. Lead me to your mistress.

Flip.—Let me just step to inform her; your sudden arrival may occasion her some alarm.

Theod.—No, no; my haste will not admit of ceremony.

[*Following her.*

Scene changes to an inner Apartment.

Hypollita discovered dressed to receive Company. She starts on perceiving Theodore.

Theod.—My visit seems unlooked for, Hypollita.

Hyp.—It is indeed; but not unwelcome, Theodore.

Theod.—I came to impart some particulars, which I fear will not be pleasant to you.

Hyp.—I know all; but, dear Theodore, excuse me, if I do not equally feel the regret you express; the count was old, he stood in the way of our happiness, and can you expect me to feel grief at his removal?

Theod.—*(Aside.)* Is this the angel I believed? I will favour the error, to see how far she will go.—In losing the count, I must for ever mourn the most indulgent uncle, the most generous protector.

Hyp.—But do not you gain the most faithful and affectionate of wives?

Theod.—Under such circumstances I could not think of marriage.

Hyp.—Nonsense, Theodore; this is mere affectation. See, I have the contract.

Theod.—*(Looking at it with a smile).* I did not sign it.

Hyp.—That is nothing; your honour, Theodore.

Theod.—Is still safe; the count lives.

Hyp.—*(Rising in rage and confusion).* Then I am cheated.

Theod.—What mean you, madam?

Hyp.—*(Recovering herself).* I mean, I have been misinformed.

Theod.—*(Tearing the bond).* This is an useless paper, the mere whim of the moment; and thus I cancel every tie but love and honour. Farewell, madam, I am too much disturbed now to discourse farther; I will write to you and explain my motive for this visit.

Hyp.—*(Interrupting him).* Why surely, Theodore, you are not offended; what a strange humour you are in.

Theod.—I hear a noise in that closet, madam; some one is concealed there.

Hyp.—No one, I assure you.

Theod.—I must be satisfied. [*Going to the door.*

Hyp.—Hold, I entreat you.

Theod.—Keep off; I will see. [*Opens the door, and discovers Spalanzo in the dress of a mountaineer.*

Hyp.—All is lost; what will become of me?

Theod.—Your hypocrisy is detected, thank heaven. Now, sir, you must go with me. Nay, make no resistance; my servants are within call, and you may repent it.

Spal.—*(Sullenly).* Where am I to go then.

Theod.—Where you will be taken care of.

Enter Flippanti.

Hyp.—*(Aside to Flippanti.)*—All is lost, Flippanti; we must pack up and be off immediately, or we shall be apprehended as accessaries. That villain, Spalanzo, has undone me by his eagerness.

Flip.—Never despair, madam, we shall be soon out of their reach; we may have better luck in another country.

Hyp.—True, friend; and find more credulous dupes than the over-virtuous Theodore.

Spal.—What, ho! comrade, is the coast clear?

Hyp.—You brute, open your eyes; is it thus you repay my goodness to you and your poor sister?

Spal.—What, the young count is come, is he? well then, we will have a jolly evening together.

Theod.—This is a strange discovery, madam.

Hyp.—*(Pretending to weep).* Flippanti shall pay dear for this vile trick.

Theod.—*(Drawing his sword).* Nay, madam, accuse not your amiable confidante; I will take care of this unlucky gentleman, and conduct him safely out of your house, that he may do no more mischief.

Hyp.—Foolish! why should you embroil yourself with him; he is a good for nothing profligate, and cannot be reclaimed.

Spal.—Hark ye, madam, twould be as well not to call me names; I have done the job, and will have the money: you remember the bond.

Theod.—Let me have no more parley; you must go with me, sir. As for you, madam, I leave you to the punishment of your own reflections. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

The Count's Chamber.

Enter Officer with Michael, Madame, and Alphonsine.—At sight of Madame Montauban the Count appears much agitated.

Count.—Can it be possible! Do I behold Rosalie?

Madam.—You do, my lord; and in her the faithful friend of the unhappy countess.

Count.—I am sorry for the occasion which has brought you here. Is that young villain your son?

Madam.—Michael Montauban is my son, but I trust no villain.

Count.—I am concerned that circumstances are against him, and hope he will be able to justify himself.

Madam.—*(Falling on her knees).* Be merciful, my lord, Michael is innocent; protect my child, as I have protected yours. Alphonsine, kneel with me, implore your father to release my son; he never injured him.

Count.—Alphonsine my daughter; explain, madam.

Madam.—She is the child of the wretched Rosalie; when the indiscretion of your wife drew from you that rash oath, never to see her or her hapless babe again, I received her from her expiring mother, and reared her with a parent's care. Still she is yours, my lord; virtuous and gentle; your heart may proudly own her: and whatever may be my fate, or that of my wretched, much-wronged boy, I trust you will no longer suffer a weak prejudice to warp your mind, and stifle the noble feelings of nature. Restore this sweet girl to her rights, and discard that hypocrite, who has till now shared your favour.

Alph.—Madam, surely you mean not what you say.

Madam.—Unhappy girl, you are too partial.

Enter Theodore, hastily.

Theod.—My lord, suspend your judgment, Michael is innocent; I have found the villain: he is a desperate

wretch, but is now safe in custody. What do I see? Alphonsine in tears: let me assure you, you have nothing to fear.

Count.—But are you certain you are right?

Theod.—Too certain. Oh! my revered uncle, I have an indiscretion to acknowledge, which overpowers me with shame; yet, to exculpate the innocent, I will dare to draw on my own head your everlasting displeasure.

Madam.—Generous young man, I fear I have wronged you; prove yourself just in this, and I shall no longer seek to deprive you of Alphonsine's love.

Theod.—A reward like that would make me virtuous, even were I prone to error.

Count.—Alphonsine, come to my arms; I read all the contending emotions of your heart in that ingenuous countenance. I have been unjust, and now am resolved to make full atonement.

Enter Jerome.

Jerome.—The villain has confessed!—the villain has confessed! Joy, Signor Michael; I give you joy.

Count.—Then all is well. But how is this, Michael? you seem not elated with the pleasing issue of this affair; how can I make you amends?

Mich.—My lord, I have lost a treasure in losing Alphonsine, which nothing can compensate; but I love her too sincerely not to prefer her happiness. All I ask of your lordship is a commission, that I may, in the tumult of war, banish unpleasant thoughts, and prove as true to glory as to Alphonsine.

Count.—Bravely spoken, boy; you shall have your wish. Come, children, we are now one family; all unpleasant retrospections shall be avoided, and mutual love and forgiveness seal the happy union.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 249.)

MISS COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

EVERY letter which I receive from my dearest mother, is an additional claim upon that gratitude which animates my heart, and convinces me of the blessing I enjoy in being the daughter of a parent so capable of advising, and so warmly interested in my happiness.

My journey, as you may imagine, was a melancholy one; and when the carriage stopped at the lodge, my feelings were so completely agitated, by anticipating the scene I was destined to encounter, that my knees trembled so violently I could scarcely stand. The image of death presented itself from the closed windows; but that of unfeigned sorrow, and mild resignation, was strikingly depictured in the interesting countenance of the amiable Mrs. Pemberton. "You have personated the character of the good Samaritan, my dear Louisa," said she, rising at my entrance, and pressing me to her agitated bosom: "heaven grant that your presence may act as a balm to the wounded mind of my too susceptible Ellen, who, instead of endeavouring to bow submissively to the will of heaven, yields to the violent effusions of sorrow, and alarms me with fears for her own precious life. Oh, Louisa!" she continued, "the trial which the Almighty, for some wise purpose, has thought fit to lay upon me, demands all my Christian fortitude to sustain. The warning was so short—the summons so unexpected—that the hand was scarcely elevated, ere the blow fell! On Monday the dear departed was in high health and spirits—and on Tuesday evening a senseless mass of clay." Here sobs prevented farther conversation; and hastily rising, she quitted the room.

Augustus entered at the same moment. "Dearest Louisa," said he, in a sorrowful accent, "if I had wanted any additional proof to convince me of the amiable goodness of your heart, I should at this moment receive it; but I always knew it to be the fountain of benevolence, and the source from whence every thing that is attractively angelic springs."

Pardon me, my beloved mother, for relating a compliment which might justly be imputed to vanity; but I have so long accustomed myself to the habit of perfect confidence, that I cannot conceal from you flattery itself. "You have seen my distressed mother," he continued, taking my hand affectionately between his; "but you have a still greater trial to go through; for I tremble for my poor Ellen's intellects: four-and-twenty hours have elapsed without her speaking; and she will neither take food, or attempt to obtain sleep."

After having desired Barnston to inform her mistress I was arrived, and wished to see her, I walked up stairs, expecting to find the dear girl in her own apartment; but upon entering, discovered it to be deserted. After waiting a few moments, Barnston entered, and acquainted me that her young mistress had refused to quit the bed-side of the departed; "yet, thank God, ma'am," said the faithful creature, "she has spoken, and even desired me to request you to go to her."

Though it was my intention to see the dear departed; yet I confess, my dear mother, I felt a secret horror at being, as it were, compelled to remain any length of time in the chamber of death; for Barnston informed me, that from the moment of poor Emma's dissolution, Ellen had never quitted the side of the bed; and that neither the tears nor persuasions of her distressed parents could remove her from the melancholy spot. Recollecting, my dear mother, the salutary council you have so often given me, never to let my own feelings prevent me from performing a charitable office, I resolved to surmount a repugnance

you will, I fear, consider as childish; and after taking a biscuit and a glass of wine, followed Barnston into the apartment. Upon entering it, I beheld the disconsolate Ellen kneeling by the bed-side, with the cold hand of her deceased sister pressed between her own.

Tears for some moments stopped the power of articulation, and I remained a silent spectator of the affecting scene; at length I approached Ellen, threw my arms round her, and gently endeavoured to draw her from the bed-side. The effort, however, was forcibly resisted. The dear girl, notwithstanding, returned my embrace; and, finding me persist in my attempt to remove her, she said, "Death alone, dear Louisa, shall tear me from my beloved sister."

"Can it be the friend of my heart who makes this declaration?" I said, in a doubting tone of voice, "or can it be Ellen Pemberton, who, by an impious mode of conduct, dare to arraign her Maker's decrees? or can she, who was always considered as the most dutiful and affectionate of daughters, voluntarily add to the distress which both father and mother must necessarily feel?"

"Spare your accusations, in mercy spare them!" exclaimed the agitated girl, in a frantic tone of voice: then springing from her prostrate position, she darted out of the apartment. Terrified with apprehension, I followed, and saw her enter Mrs. Pemberton's, who knowing to be there, I did not presume to enter; and in the space of half an hour I received a summons from that excellent woman. Ellen was seated upon the sofa, with her mother's arm encircled round her waist. "We owe you, my dearest Louisa," said Mrs. Pemberton, extending one hand towards me, "an inexpressible, a never-to-be-forgotten obligation; you have recalled my Ellen to a sense of her duty, and you have restored to me a tender and affectionate child."

The now rational Ellen repeatedly embraced, and thanked me, for my seasonable reproof; and the remain-

ing part of the day passed in as much tranquillity as could be expected. Upon retiring to rest, I requested to be Ellen's bedfellow; and then extorted from her a sacred promise, not to again attempt visiting the chamber of death.

The last sad ceremony, my dear mother, was performed on Friday; and a melancholy day it proved. Ellen, however, displayed more fortitude than I had expected; but was not permitted to attend the body to church. Concealed behind the shutters, we beheld the solemn procession drive up the avenue; and as we lost sight of it, the dear girl dropped apparently lifeless into my arms. Barnston, however, was fortunately prepared with volatiles, which in a few minutes restored her to sense and sensibility; and when her parents and brother returned, she received them with greater composure than I expected.

And now permit me to turn to a very different theme from that which has occupied my pen, and interested my heart; namely, to that prophetic part of your letter which concerned Augustus and myself. You have, my dearest mother, actually penetrated into the inmost recesses of that amiable young man's heart; for from the moment of my arrival, his manner towards me has been at once embarrassed, timid, delicate, and affectionate.

Accustomed to consider him in the light of a brother, I have always shewn him a preference to other young men; and this preference, I grieve to say, has led him into an error, and given me reason to condemn myself; for though I highly appreciate his amiable qualities, he is not the kind of man with whom I should wish to unite my destiny.

You will think it singular, my dearest mother, that I did not repeat to you the conversation which passed between Edward and myself, respecting his friend Mr. B——; but as it took place on the morning of my abrupt departure, I trust you will not accuse me of the desire of concealment; for it was merely want of opportunity which prevented me from it, and it was my intention to relate

every syllable at the hour of dressing. This afternoon Augustus had a horse sent him from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of trying; and the animal being remarkably beautiful, he requested Ellen and myself to walk out and look at him. We both passed an eulogium upon him; and Augustus was no less pleased with him, and, after some conversation with the groom, mounted, for the purpose of proving his abilities, when Ellen, at my persuasion, agreed to go up the avenue, whilst her brother exercised the unruly animal round the park.

Scarcely had he vaulted upon the saddle, when the creature set off with inconceivable speed: Ellen shrieked; I was scarcely less terrified; but the servant assured us, Mr. Pemberton had voluntarily made trial of the horse's abilities. He was actually out of sight in a minute; we ran, or rather flew, up the avenue, hoping to meet him at the gate, for the purpose of imploring him not to hazard his life. The servants likewise went in opposite directions, evidently not believing their young master rode with that rapidity by choice; and we had not got half way up the avenue, when one of them uttered a most petrifying scream; and turning our heads at the same moment, we beheld the vicious animal making a spring at the park pales, without any rider, Augustus having been thrown when the servant uttered that alarming scream. How we had strength to reach the spot I cannot imagine. Two servants had already arrived; but when I beheld his pallid countenance, I had no doubt of his being deprived of life, and yielded to those expressions of sorrow which even a stranger would have inspired in a similar state. I had fortunately a bottle of odoriferous spirits of vinegar in my pocket, which, with trembling hands, I applied; and in a few seconds the merely stunned Augustus recovered his faculties.

To our mutual astonishment and delight, he had received no material injury; but the solicitude I had expressed during his state of insensibility, Ellen doubtless

had reported; for the first moment we were together, he took an opportunity of expressing his thanks; implored my forgiveness for entering upon such a subject, at a moment when his mind was affected by an irretrievable misfortune; but declared, that the solicitude I had displayed, rendered it impossible for him to preserve silence upon a subject so dear to his happiness; and, in fact, made me a formal avowal of tenderness.

Admonished by your council, my dear mother, I flatter myself I behaved with propriety; for after acknowledging myself highly indebted for the preference he displayed towards me, with the greatest delicacy imaginable, I assured him, that though I should ever love and esteem him as a brother, my heart could never feel a warmer sentiment; and I conjured him, if he valued my happiness, never to mention the subject to me again. He behaved, I may say, nobly upon the occasion; and I never thought him half so amiable; he told me he had long feared he should be unable to inspire me with a mutual passion; but that the natural tenderness of my disposition had led him into an error, and induced him to convert a mark of genuine humanity into a proof of personal regard; and the subject was concluded, by an assurance, that he never would name it to me again.

You will probably expect, my beloved mother, that I should say something of my brother's favourite; yet little, of course, can be expected; for how can I even give an opinion of a man with whom I have only associated a few days? To esteem his character, I was prepared, from your partiality towards him. His manners, I allow, are actually insinuating; but I feel none of that romantic preference which many girls of my age describe feeling towards an accomplished, interesting young man; and was I compelled, at this moment, either to marry him or Augustus Pemberton, the former would be my choice. In the man I marry, I must find a similitude of sentiment, as well as a superiority of mind; the former, in many

instances, I discovered in Augustus, and the latter in Mr. B———, whom I readily acknowledge to possess a superior mind; yet the two must be blended to constitute connubial happiness, according to my taste.

What a scene of bustle and confusion is my dearest mother engaged in; the moment it is over, I will fly to your dear arms, for Ellen has promised to accompany me, on condition of her remaining as private as she pleases. I began this letter the day before yesterday, and defered concluding it, from an opportunity of sending it by a private hand, as Mr. Pemberton's gardener, Richard, has obtained permission to visit his friends, and will be the bearer of it, and likewise of two drawings of dear Emma's, which Mr. P—— intreats you to accept.

In the fullness of my feeling, I totally forgot to explain the cause of that sweet girl's death; in truth, I forget the physical term of the disorder, but it was occasioned by too great a quantity of blood flowing towards the heart, every vein in which was so extended, that it could not perform its function, and of course occasioned death. Have the goodness to assure dear Lady Charlotte of my inviolable attachment, and tell her I impatiently long to convince her personally of it, though that pleasure must entirely depend upon circumstances, or rather upon the termination of the electioneering business; as the state of Ellen's mind would not allow her to mix with society at present. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton intreat me to offer you their unbounded acknowledgments, for the ready compliance with their request, as, to my remonstrance, both attribute their darling Ellen's preservation of health.

Embrace my dearest brother for me; present my kind compliments to his friend, and believe me, my beloved mother, your grateful and attached

LOUISA COLVILLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THAT the sins of the father are frequently visited upon the children, is a circumstance not only enforced in our religious creed, but evinced by daily observation and historical facts; but a more striking instance of the truth of this remark is not to be met with, than in the vicissitudes of fortune which befel the natural son of that tyrant Richard the Third.

That the reign of this sanguinary prince was short, all my readers doubtless are acquainted with; and that it was one continued scene of strife and bloodshed. Insurrections occurred in different parts of the British dominions, which at length were terminated by the famous battle of Bosworth, where the Earl of Richmond became victorious, and claimed the crown, as being lineally descended from John of Gaunt. He ascended the throne, under the title of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1485; and about five and twenty years after this event, the historical anecdote with which I am going to entertain my readers, indisputably occurred.

Sir Thomas Moyle was, at the period alluded to, erecting an elegant family mansion in the parish of Eastville, and being partial to mechanical pursuits, spent great part of his time in superintending the labourers. In the person and manners of the principal mason he discovered something very superior to the generality of men in that station of life, and frequently entered into conversation with him for the space of several hours; yet, whenever Sir Thomas approached his intelligent companion, he observed his attention occupied with a favourite author, which he always hastily thrust into his pocket, evidently desirous of concealing from his employer in what manner his mind was amused. Curiosity, that prevailing influencer of human action, (which is said to be peculiarly attached to the female sex) acted so forcibly upon Sir Thomas, that he was

resolved to discover the title of the book; and, for this purpose, one day crept softly behind him, and to his astonishment, discovered the book which appeared to engross all the mason's faculties, was no other than Virgil's Æneid.

That a man, in so humble a station, should be able to read the works of that celebrated author, in their original language, struck Sir Thomas not only as extraordinary, but convinced him that the mason had been born to a different state. The result of this conviction was, an invitation to dine with him; which the mechanic, with a grace peculiar to a well-bred gentleman, readily accepted; and the whole of his conduct, during the repast, confirmed him in the opinion that his guest was well descended. The invitation was several times repeated, and Sir Thomas at length expressed his astonishment that a man, formed by nature and education to adorn the highest circles, should have chosen a trade where his talents could not have an opportunity of shining.

The mason, unhesitatingly, avowed that he had experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune it was possible for a human being to experience; and being pressed by his friendly employer to relate his history, did it in the following words; having first obtained Sir Thomas Moyle's sacred promise of confidence.

"Fate," said he, "Sir Thomas, which influences human conduct, doubtless decreed that I should be a mason: although my ancestors erected cities, I am building your castle: they had palaces, and possessed a throne, whilst I am only master of an humble cottage, and was bred up in ignorance of my real situation until the age of sixteen; but in that ignorance consisted my happiness, though, I thank God, I have banished every ambitious hope from my mind. Of the state of perfect childhood I have but a faint recollection; I was placed under the care of a protector, who was unremitting in his endeavours to inform my mind; I was not only taught a variety of different languages, but had masters to instruct me in those accom-

plishments which are so essentially necessary in high life. During my residence with this accomplished preceptor, I was regularly visited, every three months, by an elderly gentleman, whose dignified manners proclaimed him a man of consequence; yet he always saluted me with marks of distinction, and punctually defrayed every expence for my education and board. This nobleman, for such I conceive him to have been, (though I never heard his title,) came one day, previous to the close of the quarter, and requested me to accompany him in a short excursion. To this request I unreluctantly acceded, and he handed me into an elegant equipage, waiting at the door. We drove some miles, and at length stopped at the gates of a superb palace, which were instantly opened for the carriage to pass through; my conductor led me through several superb apartments, in one of which he requested me to be seated a few moments; the door opened in a short period, and a gentleman, about forty-six, entered; his dress was magnificent, and the garter which adorned him was enriched with diamonds. He advanced towards me with a hurried motion, strained me to his palpitating heart; embraced me with paternal tenderness, and, after asking a variety of questions respecting my studies, gave me a weighty purse, again embraced me, and hurried out of the room.

"At this moment my conductor re-entered, informed me the carriage was ready, and we again drove with the same rapidity to the house of my protector. The tranquillity of my mind, however, vanished with this visit; conjecture was lost in conjecture! To whom did I belong? why all the secrecy which surrounded me? were questions which my mind was unable to resolve. Several months elapsed in doubt and perplexity, when, at an early hour one morning, even before day had completely appeared, the same gentleman arrived, and brought with him an elegant suit of clothes, which he desired me to put on; after which he requested me to accompany him in a phæton and six, that was waiting for us. We travelled with the rapidity of

lightning, and drove to Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of Richard, who, the moment I entered, clasped me in his arms.

" I instantly recognized him to be the same person who had testified so much affection towards me in my former visit; and my heart seemed too full for the mansion which contained it, and ready to unite with his. After embracing me with great warmth, he turned to the noblemen who surrounded him, saying, ' My lords, behold my son!' Then embracing me again, ' My child,' said he, ' to morrow I shall fight for my crown and yours; it shall either remain on my head, or I will lose my life. You are by far too young, my son, to expose yourself to the combat; but mark the eminence I point out, thither retire; a guide shall follow you, on whose fidelity I think I can trust. From the spot I have mentioned you will behold the fate of battle; if I prove victorious, fly to my arms; and then, amidst the brave fellows who have been fighting for their king and country, I will acknowledge you as my son and heir! But should the God of armies espouse the cause of my adversary, be convinced that you no longer have a father: for this diadem I will wear to the last moment of existence, and death alone shall force it from my brow. If therefore you no longer behold me foremost in the battle, think only of preserving your life; fly to some place of safety, and implicitly follow the advice of your faithful guide. Go, my son,' continued he, (whilst tears checked his utterance) ' and remember your father's counsel; conceal your birth, if you wish to preserve your existence, or desire to escape the conqueror's vengeance. This pocket-book not only contains instructions for your future conduct, in case my enemies prove victorious, but the means of supplying you with comforts, amidst all your trials and difficulties.'

" I stood as it were transfixed, with my eyes rivetted on my affectionate father's face; eagerly did my youthful heart pant to accompany him in the scene of danger. But the

request was from tenderness denied; and my guide was almost compelled to drag me to the spot the king had specified.

"Distant as is the period of time, my very soul shudders at the recollection of the scene which presented itself to my eyes; I beheld my royal father foremost in every danger: and even now fancy I can hear his voice, rallying his troops, rousing them to activity, and riding through the ranks upon a milk-white steed. At length I saw a Scotchman make a furious thrust at his royal person, I even distinctly saw him sever the sword-arm from his side; I then beheld the barbarian divide his head from the body; but at that moment, a death-like faintness closed my horror-struck eyes.

"How long I remained in a state of insensibility is uncertain; but, upon the return of recollection, my guide was fled; and, base wretch that he was, took the pocket-book with him, which contained my deceased father's instructions, and the means of supporting my existence. Distress, almost amounting to distraction, was the consequence of this act of cruelty and treachery; yet I was well aware no time was to be lost, and therefore seeing a horse tied to a tree at a small distance, I mounted him, and took the direct road towards the metropolis. Thus, at the age of sixteen, or little older, was I launched into the wide world, without friend or counsellor; and that being, who a few hours before was acknowledged as the son of a sovereign, knew not where to lay his wretched head.

"A bill of lodgings, however, in Piccadilly, caught my attention; I stopped, and immediately engaged a single room. The next morning disposed of my horse to the master of a livery stable, and by the sale of him, and a few valuable effects about my person, contrived to subsist several months. The gradual decrease of my finances, threw an additional damp on my spirits; I knew not what method to adopt to obtain a livelihood, but accidentally meeting some masons at a neighbouring tavern, at this

period, I entered into conversation with them; and finding them a cheerful and contented race of mortals, I inquired whether there was a probability of my obtaining employment. Being answered in the affirmative, I unhesitatingly offered my services to their master; these, fortunately for me, were accepted; and I earned my daily sustenance by the sweat of my brow.

"My employer was a man of taste and science, and he soon displayed towards me evident marks of favour; in the course of a few years I became one of his family, and received as much kindness from him as if I had been his son. He had a daughter blooming as Hebe, and lovely as Venus; and in the society of this amiable and infatuating young creature, every care was forgotten. I loved her with the purity of a brother; yet the knowledge of my high birth, prevented me from talking of marriage.

"Thus time glided away imperceptibly: but we were both destined to experience a mutual loss; a fatal distemper suddenly attacked my benefactor, and in a few days put a period to his existence. We were both well aware that we could no longer live upon the same familiar footing, without incurring general censure. Pride was then vanquished by affection; and I avowed that passion which had long taken possession of my heart. The amiable girl accepted my proposals with evident satisfaction; and after paying a proper respect to the memory of her deceased father, we were united. I succeeded him in his business; and Providence has crowned my industry with success, and blest me with three children, who all promise to be as amiable as their beloved mother."

Here the son of Richard Plantagenet closed his eventful history, which Sir Thomas had listened to with a mixture of admiration and astonishment; and rising from his seat, he addressed him by the title of *Your Highness*, and implored him to consider his house and fortune at his service.

The noble-minded man intreated his hospitable enter-

tainer, never to accost him by an epithet to which he had no claim. But Sir Thomas assured him, that he could never permit the son of a king to exercise the business of a mechanic, whilst he had a fortune to support him in independence and ease. The son of Richard paused a few moments, and then informed Sir Thomas, he would not only consent to be obliged, but would even make a request, on condition, that no more should be forced upon him than he required.

"Speak; and be assured your request will confer an honour upon me!" exclaimed the generous Sir Thomas Moyle. "I request, then, a small corner of your park, in which I may build me an humble cottage, and have the happiness of living near so kind and so disinterested a friend."

It was in vain that Sir Thomas implored him to receive a stronger testimony of his esteem and veneration; for he would only accept a confined piece of land, on which he erected a small but comfortable cottage, and retired thither as soon as it was completed, perfectly contented with his humble state. The relater of this anecdote informs us, he lived to the advanced age of ninety, having survived his wife and all his children; and the register of his burial is still to be seen in the parish books of Eastville; the words are as follows:—"Richard Plantagenet was interred the twenty-second of December, one thousand five hundred and fifty."

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

(Concluded from page 257.)

IT is now necessary to account for the sudden disappearance of Editha. She had no sooner dismissed her attendants, than she retired to the oratory, where, sinking on

her knees, she implored the protection of heaven, to guide her youthful steps through the paths of virtue, and to strengthen those principles of rectitude which had been already implanted in her breast, by the maternal instructions of the good Maud. While she was thus piously employed, a creaking noise, at no great distance, startled her; and fearing it might be the baron, she hastily rose from her suppliant posture. Finding herself mistaken in her conjecture, she again had recourse to her missal, and was attentively reading the evening service, when her eye glanced on a remote object, which seemed slowly moving towards her: appalled, and terror-struck, the book dropped from her trembling hand, as a female figure, clad in flowing white garments, approached, and awfully pressing her finger on her lips, seemed to enjoin silence. The faint cry which escaped Editha could not be heard at any great distance, and insensibility immediately succeeded. How long she remained in that situation, Editha knew not; but on recovering, and gazing wildly around her, she found, to her inexpressible relief, that the apparition had vanished; yet a new astonishment awaited her, for instead of the magnificent chamber which she had occupied, she beheld the rugged walls of a subterraneous recess, and found herself reclining on the bosom of her friend, the hermit.

"Compose yourself, Editha," said he, in gentle accents; "you have nothing to fear. When you have perfectly recovered from your recent fright, I will explain those circumstances, which you must naturally be anxious to learn."

"Have you seen nothing?" inquired Editha, looking timidly around. "Nothing to occasion any alarm," returned the hermit. "Perhaps it was an illusion of the senses; but I thought I saw the apparition of the baron's first wife."—"Ah!" exclaimed the hermit, eagerly grasping her hand; "have you heard the tale? If so, all must be revealed." Editha fixed her eyes earnestly on the hermit

as he spoke: his features were convulsed with agitation; and Editha, dreading some dreadful act, trembled from head to foot. "Editha," cried the hermit, again taking her trembling hand, "you must never more return to the castle. This moment we must fly together to a distant country, for here we are no longer safe."

"I do not understand you," replied the astonished girl: "fly from the baron, from Maud—and with you?"—"Tell me," asked the hermit, softening his voice; "do you love the baron beyond all men? Answer me, girl, and truly, as heaven shall be your judge." Editha trembled at the solemnity with which this question was put by her stern interrogator, then falteringly replied; "I love him as a father, respect him as a benefactor; but—"—"But what?" rejoined the hermit eagerly. "I have seen one whom I could have better loved as a husband."—"Dear, ingenuous girl," cried the hermit, clasping her tenderly in his arms, "then all is well. Shrink not from my embrace; this beating heart has long throbbed to acknowledge its inmost sensations; yet a dreadful secret enjoined reserve till this blest moment. Editha, behold in me your mother!" As the hermit spoke, the dress which had so successfully disguised her sex, was thrown aside, and Editha beheld a female of majestic figure and expressive features, who claimed her as her child. Editha sunk at her feet. Her mother tenderly raised her, and resumed:—"This garb must still conceal me from observation; but while time serves, I will relate to you my sorrowful history, and we will then arrange plans for our future proceedings."

I was born in Italy; the darling child of my aged father, and by him indulged in every luxury which our rank and wealth could entitle us to enjoy. Among the many lovers who sought the advantage of alliance, was one who made a deep impression on my youthful heart. St. Severale had every manly charm and persuasive art to recommend him: but I heard that his character was dissolute, and I dreaded the idea of an union with such a libertine; my father too

was at enmity with his family; and rather than give a moment's pain to his aged bosom, I buried my unhappy attachment in my own afflicted heart. The baron Valdemona being on his travels, passed through our province, with a splendid retinue, and was hospitably entertained by my father. The elegance of his manners, the condescending grace with which he sought to ingratiate himself in our favour, and the dignity of his mein, soon taught me to mingle respect with admiration in my sentiments towards him; and my vanity was not a little gratified at learning that he had, on the third day of our acquaintance, made proposals to my father. How can I account for the fatal infatuation that possessed me! my love for St. Severalle vanished like a dream. The baron again engrossed my thoughts; and I added joy to the fond exultation of my father, when I promised to wed Valdemona. Vain were the intreaties of St. Severalle; I turned from him with mortifying coldness, and assured him, that any attempt to change my sentiments in favour of the baron would be unavailing to himself, and troublesome to me. St Severalle retired, muttering vengeance against the perfidious woman who had forsaken him; and I readily prepared for my marriage with Valdemona, which was solemnized with the utmost splendour. For some months we enjoyed the most perfect happiness: I was the idol of the baron, and he looked forward to the blissful event of becoming a father with rapture indiscribable. The period at length approached, and on a sudden I perceived a gloomy seriousness hang on the brow of my husband; he no longer walked with me as usual; and I feared that it was his extreme anxiety on my account which made him avoid my company, that he might not add to the depression on my spirits. To affect health and gaiety, which in reality I did not feel, I frequently strolled alone, through the grounds which surrounded the castle; and one evening wandered into a small wood, which bounded my limits. I had not been there many minutes, when a rustling among

the leaves caused me some alarm, which was dreadfully increased, when, in another moment, I found myself clasped in the arms of St. Severalle. His features were flushed, and his manner inconceivably wild; "Victoria," said he, "you have scorned me, and the hour of revenge is nigh. Your life is not safe, unless you consent to fly with me; to reward my ardent love with kindness; to repay the tedious months of sorrow which your St. Severalle has endured, with one short hour of happiness." Exerting all my resolution and strength, I indignantly spurned him from me:—"Wretch," I cried, "what is it you mean? Leave me this moment."—"Away with these scruples," cried he eagerly; "I know all the secret movements of your heart. St. Severalle is still dear to Victoria." Again he clasped me in his arms with such violence, that all attempts to release myself were vain; and when he relinquished his hold, I turned but to meet the uplifted poignard of my husband, who stood before me with a countenance expressive of mingled rage and horror. I sunk beneath the wound his desperate hand inflicted; and the villain, exulting in the success of his base scheme, ignominiously fled. The baron, shrinking with horror, returned to the castle, leaving me, as he thought, dead; St. Severalle, however, judged otherwise, and, hastily returning, bore me in his arms till he reached this hermitage, which was then occupied by a venerable old man: by his assistance my wound was dressed, and I was restored to a miserable existence. Dreading the furious passion of the baron, who I was certain believed me guilty, I solemnly vowed to bury myself in solitude for ever. I despised St. Severalle; but I was in his power, and all my resolutions were counteracted by him. In this hermitage I gave birth to you, my dear Rosa; and here I resolved to devote my days to prayer and solitude, carefully concealing myself from every eye that could recognize my misery, or discover my shame. Finding all intreaties to prevail on me to quit the country with him useless, St. Severalle began to grow

weary of restraint. The good old hermit believing him my husband, accommodated us as well as he could; and found sufficient excuse in the accident which had happened to me, and which St. Severalle ascribed to robbers, to account for my long residence in his humble cell. In this retreat we learnt what had passed at the castle. The baron gave out a report that I died suddenly; and by dint of bribes and threats, so managed one or two of his confidential servants, that a mock funeral was arranged with the greatest pomp, and the baron appeared a sincere mourner. For my own part, I was glad that he had so contrived it; all my prospects of happiness were lost for ever, and I only now prayed for death to relieve me from my misery. Finding myself too ill to bestow proper care on my infant, I entreated St. Severalle to place it with some decent woman, who would do justice to it; he intimated to me how hazardous such a plan would prove, as we should be in the greatest danger of discovery. His arguments were convincing; but it was indispensibly necessary that my child should have that nourishment which I unhappily could not bestow, and I at length yielded it to his persuasion, and you was left, in the manner you have already learnt, with the worthy Maud. Soon after this arrangement, St. Severalle made a pretence to quit the hermitage, and I have never beheld him since. Two years after my residence here, the hermit died; and I was happy in evincing my gratitude, by performing those kind services for him, which he had before rendered me. To conceal myself the more effectually, I then assumed the habit of the pious Antonio, by which plan I enjoyed a greater share of liberty than before; and should have passed my days tranquilly enough, had not my feelings received a severe shock, by learning that the baron was preparing for a second wedding. The idea of this distracted me; and I determined to prevent it, even at the risk of declaring myself. Chance, however, seconded by my own ingenuity, prevented the necessity of this. The hermit had once, in confidential discourse, in-

formed me, that there was a subterraneous communication between the cell and the castle; this circumstance occurring to my recollection, I resolved to lose no time in exploring the passages. In this enterprize I met with many difficulties, too tedious to enumerate now; time and assiduity enabling me to overcome all impediments, I at length succeeded in gaining the private entrance to the chamber in which I first appeared before you. This once effected, and learning from the tattling old Ursula, who was always gossipping in the village, that the baron had selected that very aparment for the reception of his bride, I furnished myself with a few necessary articles, and returned joyfully to my cell. I then hastily prepared a loose drapery, in which I wrapped myself; and having rubbed my face over with chalk, anxiously awaited the hour at which I knew it was probable the bride would retire; I then took a lamp in one hand, and grasped a dagger in the other, proceeding cautiously along the vaulted passages till I reached the spiral staircase which led to the secret partition; there I stationed myself till I heard footsteps in the chamber, and through an aperture beheld the trembling bride divest herself of her ornaments; her attendant having retired, I slowly unclosed the pannel, and presented myself before the affrighted girl. She faintly screamed, and would perhaps have alarmed the castle, had I not seized her arm, and, shewing the dagger, menaced instant death; then with a solemn tone commanding her to follow me, I led the way from the bridal chamber. Marietta, pale and horror struck, pursued my steps till I reached the cell, where, pointing to the crucifix, I compelled her to take the same oath I exacted of you. The timid girl, thinking me something more than mortal, obeyed; I then informed her that I was the baron's wife, and exhorted her to return to the convent, from whence she had been brought by Valdemona. The afflicted and terrified Marietta assented without hesitation; and in the disguise of a simple peasant, I led her myself to the gate,

The sisterhood gladly received her, and she has since, with unfeigned piety, taken the veil. My mind thus relieved, I regained my serenity, when again I was roused to agony, by the rumour of another marriage; but, gracious heaven! what were my emotions, on learning from your own artless lips, that you were the destined bride—that you loved the baron, and that not all my admonitions or councils could set the marriage aside; again I determined to have recourse to the artifice which had succeeded so well, to deliver you from a fate so dreadful, or by boldly disclosing all, expose myself to the unbridled hatred and vengeance of your much injured father. That trial has been spared me; we must now quit this place, where you cannot hope to remain long concealed, and seek an asylum in some holy society, where we can remain in safety, till I can write to my friends in Italy, and obtain remittances, to enable us to prosecute our journey; my remains will then repose beside my dear father's, and you, my Editha, will find powerful friends to protect and assist you." Editha sighed; there was a degree of impetuosity and inconsistency in her mother's character, that she could not admire; yet a faint hope that in her mother's country she might again meet Ferdinand, reconciled her to the measure proposed.

The sound of approaching footsteps, however, caused an interruption, as unexpected as unwelcome, and, to their infinite consternation, they discovered that it proceeded from the private passage. In a few minutes the large stone, which closed the entrance, was rolled away, and the baron appeared, followed by a numerous train of domestics, with torches in their hands. Victoria uttered a cry of horror, and fainted in the arms of Editha, who, wildly and with uplifted hands, implored the baron's mercy: wholly at a loss to comprehend this scene, Valdemona gazed at them by turns, then grasping the arm of Editha, he eagerly demanded an explanation. Editha, trusting to the impression of the moment, drew aside the veil which concealed the

features of the still lovely Victoria—" Behold, my lord," she cried, " this is your wife—she whom you have mourned as dead—she whose guilt you too credulonsly believed, but who never knew guilt or shame, till your rash cruelty drove her to misery."—" What dreadful spectacle do I behold," cried the baron, starting back with terror; " my Victoria! my murdered wife!"

The baroness reviving, cast herself at the feet of her husband, and deprecated his vengeance. He gently raised her, and assured her that her presence relieved his mind of a burthen that long oppressed it. I can believe you innocent, Victoria; for the wretch who betrayed you has paid the forfeit of his crimes, and on his death-bed revealed to me the whole transaction: by anonymous letters he sought to poison my mind with jealousy, and then preconcerted that dreadful scene, which wound my passion up to madness. But come, we will return to the castle, for I am impatient to learn how Editha was conducted hither; in carefully searching the chamber, we discovered a sliding pannel, which had been incautiously left open, and have fortunately traced the secret communication, of which I was before in ignorance. Shrink not, Editha, you have nothing to fear; in the castle you will find none but friends.

" Oh, Valdemona," cried the baroness, grasping his hand, " in forgiving me, you only confer half a blessing, if you refuse to acknowledge and protect your child: Editha is your daughter, my lord; though the child of doubt and sorrow."—" Of doubt no longer," cried the baron, tenderly embracing Editha; " my heart always was warmly attached to her; the impulse was certainly given by heaven; her features too, Victoria, strongly reminded me of her I had so dreadfully sacrificed. Come, come, we shall all be happy." Little time was lost in returning to the castle, where the baroness candidly imparted to Valdemona every particular; while Editha eagerly ran to embrace the venerable Maud.

" Well," exclaimed the old woman, " I will never listen

to stories of ghosts and goblins again, for I verily believed my dear child had been spirited away; and so I told poor Ferdinand, who is almost breaking his heart in his dungeon, to think that he cannot scamper all over the world in search of you."—"Ferdinand in a dungeon!" repeated Editha, "how did that happen?"—"By my lord the baron's order, forsooth; he thought the young man had been concerned in your strange flight, and had him pursued; they overtook him in the wood, and he has been closely confined these two hours."

Editha clasped her hands with emotion, and tears trickled down her cheeks. "Oh, my lord," cried she, addressing the baron, "you will surely release this noble stranger."—"Indeed I shall not, Editha," returned the baron, sternly; the disappointed girl hung her head, and shrunk back with apprehension. The baron resumed—"I believe you take a strong interest in him, and that he has presumed to love you: answer me, have I guessed rightly." Eager to vindicate Ferdinand, Editha spoke with firmness—"That I feel an interest in his fate, my lord, I cannot deny; but of his sentiments I am ignorant."—"What, did he not breathe his wishes, even while he believed you my affianced bride."—"Never, as I place confidence in heaven!"—"Here then, my child, take these keys; Ursula will conduct you, release Ferdinand, and let him demand of me a compensation for unjust imprisonment." It is needless to repeat how joyfully Editha obeyed this mandate; she flew to the dungeon, repeated with simple candour her father's order; and heard the astonished and delighted Ferdinand declare, that she was the only compensation he could demand of the baron. In a few minutes Editha beheld her lover at her father's feet, heard him urge his bold request, and heard her parents give a willing consent. The preparations which had been made for the baron's wedding served for that of Ferdinand; splendour and gaiety of heart crowned their union, and the domestics and tenants exulted in the happiness of the amiable young pair.

COUNTRY.

"Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!"

NOW, from the humblest dale to the proudest mountain, nature is every where majestic and lovely. This universe, where, not long ago, jarring elements reigned in frozen tyranny, is suddenly changed to a beautiful temple, where, in every form and every hue, life, pleasure, and love, vegetate, breathe and bloom. Heaven itself, as if enamoured of this reviving earth, has cast off its mourning garments, and, through an unclouded sky, shines on her with renovated lustre.

Oh, blooming nature! with what religious reverence dost thou inspire the feeling beholder of thy glory! On thy enamelled theatre, our sensibility, unconfined, wildly ranges through the luxuriant beauties of this new creation, and on the enthusiastic raptures of admiration, gratitude, and love, spontaneously rise to the first, great, and uncreated source, of thy dearest blessings, of thy boundless gifts!

Oh, sweet country; how delightful are now thy fields, covered with flowers and herbs; thy mountains crowned with thick foliage, and thy vales hung in rich verdure! Now, unloosened by the soft breath of zephyr, thy gentle rivulets resume their wanton meaders, and again unfurl and sport their silvery waves to the light of milder days; on their borders of dew, the modest violet, the fair lily, and the fragrant shrub, spontaneously grow; and even the king of the forest, the noble and generous oak, who, from renowned Albion's triumphant shores, commands and rules stormy seas and raging worlds, will often protect their little mossy banks with his potent roots, and gracefully bend his grand and lofty shade to the gently flowing waters of their limpid streams.

Oh, sweet country! it is from the bosom of thy deep retired bowers, that innocence ejaculated her first prayer, and pure love breathed its first sigh! and it is, by an original instinct, that wisdom still likes to muse in thy flowery paths, and grandeur, to seek repose beneath thy cooling shades. Oh, beloved country! thy earth is clothed with a rich vegetation of emerald and gold; thou art fanned with breezes of perfumes, watered with rivers of melted crystal, and encompassed with an horizon of azure. Oh, how soon, in the midst of thee, will our passions be lulled to rest, and harmonized to that solemn stillness which pervades thy rural scenes, and, as it were, wraps up infant nature in a veil of gentle peace! In the midst of thee, every object brings our existence back to the first period of time, when man, in the full strength of his health and youth, started up in life, and, crowned with innocence and glory, reigned absolute on a world happy and submissive! In the midst of the country every thing pleases the eye and speaks to the soul; we both see and feel nature; and thus, by the beauties of the sight, we improve and refine the feelings of the heart.

There is so intimate an association between outward impressions and our inward feelings, that the powerful and sweet influence of the country, to soften and humanize our souls, cannot be doubted. Oh, man! when thou art placed on that sublime stage, in every scene of which, through the exultation of universal joy and happiness, great and bounteous nature pompously displays the enamelled verdure of the spring, united to the heaped riches of the summer; are not all the sweetest affections of thy being, modelled into one continual act of grateful adoration to thy Creator, and of kind benevolence to thy fellow-creatures? When thou art surrounded with that universal blaze of love and beauty, canst thou still be benumbed with selfishness, or frozen with avarice? When the flowers refresh thy senses with their sweet perfumes, and the gushing fountain liberally quenches thy thirst with its cooling waters; when thy

generous trees extend their protecting shades over thy head, and feed thee abundantly with their luscious fruits; oh, tell me! canst thou refuse to stretch forth thy hand to the forsaken and forlorn? Canst thou refuse a boon to the needy poor, or a comfort to the suffering sick? When sweet heaven, unasked, unimplored, (alas! perhaps never thanked!) fans thee with his purest breeze, and sheds over thy dwelling and thy fields his genial showers and fostering dews; oh, tell me! cannot even a ray of sympathizing pity kindle a sigh in thy heart, or start a tear in thy eye? Then, ungrateful and sordid wretch, away with thee "from the bounteous walks of flowing spring," to those barren climes, to those burning sands, where blasted plains groan beneath an unrelenting sky! Away! thy very looks would check the smiles of nature, and wither its bloom. Yes, it is a kind of impiety to tread with a cruel and unfeeling heart on that sweet earth, "all beauty to the eye, all music to the ear," whose parental bosom generously heaves with a luxuriant plenty, and equally nourishes the monarch who waves a golden sceptre over millions of her children, and the poor little worm that lonely creeps in her dust*.

N. FRAISINET.

MISS LINWOOD's EXHIBITION,

GREAT ROOMS, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

AMONG the almost innumerable attractive exhibitions with which this metropolis abounds, we are happy to notice one of peculiar merit, and which comes more imme-

* We acknowledge, with pleasure, our obligations to this charming writer, whose taste and sensibility embellishes and gives interest to every subject; and trust our readers will have sufficient candour to overlook those trivial inaccuracies in the composition, which could not be wholly corrected, without giving too severe a check to the enthusiasm of our ingenious and sensible foreigner.

diately within our department, as being the production of female ingenuity. This unequalled exhibition consists of a great number of pictures wrought in needlework, with worsted, the effect of which can hardly be excelled by the richest painting. The subjects are selected with taste, and executed with the nicest judgment; nor can we wonder less at the extraordinary skill displayed in the work, than at the persevering assiduity with which Miss Linwood has produced pieces of such surprising magnitude in such a highly-finished state. The pictures are exhibited in an apartment furnished in a style of elegance rather unusual, and some rooms adjoining have been, at a considerable expence, fitted up with scenic propriety, which serve to heighten the surprising effect of the pictures.

Wandering through the ruined arcades of a venerable abbey, at every opening an object of interest and admiration presents itself to the astonished spectator. The principal of these are:—A Nun at Confession—A Woodman—Children warming themselves at a Cottage Fire—and, A Group of Lions and Tygers in a Cavern, with appropriate scenery. It would be tedious to dwell on the merits of the numerous pieces of exquisite needle-work; we can only assert, that it is truly deserving the attention and encouragement of the public, and that sex in particular who should be most zealous to support and applaud female talent.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XVII.

Letters of a Peruvian Princess. Translated from the French of Madame De Grafigny. By W. Mudford. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

THESE interesting letters are written in a most fascinating and animated style, and do credit to the translator,

who seems to have lost none of the enthusiasm of the author. The adventures of the fair Zilia are related with a happy mixture of wit and simplicity; her unaffected astonishment at the inconsistency of the French, which may, in many instances, be applied to our own nation, contains a lively and spirited satire on prevailing follies; while the ardour and ingenuousness with which she expresses her pure attachment to Aza, presents a picture of female fidelity and tenderness, both delightful and affecting. We cannot do greater justice to the work than by transcribing one of the letters:—

LETTER XXXIII.

"It is not surprising, my dear Aza, that inconsistency is one consequence of the frivolous character of the French; but I cannot help wondering, that with equal and superior knowledge to any other nation, they cannot themselves perceive those disgusting contradictions which strangers remark at the very first.

"Among the great number of those which daily strike me, I see none more derogatory to their understanding than the notions they entertain of women. They both respect and despise them, my dear Aza, to an equal degree.

"The first law of their politeness, or of their virtue if you will, for I have not yet perceived any other in them, concerns the women. Men of the highest rank, shew condescension to the meanest of our sex: he would be overwhelmed with shame, and with what they call ridicule, were he to offer them any personal insult; and yet, a man of the humblest station may betray a worthy woman, may traduce her character by his calumnies, and fear neither blame nor punishment.

"Were I not certain that you would soon see and judge these people yourself, I should not venture to depict contrasts which the simplicity of our minds can scarcely believe. Docile to the notions of nature, our knowledge went not beyond. We found, that strength and courage in the one sex, indicated that they should be the support

and defence of the other; and to this all our laws are conformable*. Here, far from aiding the weakness of the women, those of the lower sort, worn down with fatigue, find consolation neither in the laws nor in their husbands: those of a higher rank, the sport of seduction and wickedness, receive, as an indemnification for the perfidy of the other sex, an external respect from them, which is merely ideal, and is always followed by the most bitter satire.

"I soon perceived, when I entered the world, that the habitual censure of this nation was directed principally towards the women, and that the men were more cautious in reviling each other. I sought for the cause of this in their mutual good qualities, but an accident has taught me it is to be found in their vices.

"In every house which we have entered for these last two days, the discourse has been, about a young man who was killed by one of his friends: and they admired this barbarous deed, merely because the deceased had spoken disrespectively of the survivor. This new feature in their character seemed to me worthy of investigation: and I learned, my dear Aza, that a man is obliged to expose his own life, in the chance of destroying that of another, if he hears that this last has spoken in any manner against him: he must do this, or if he refuse to employ so sanguinary a revenge, he is banished from polite society! It is evident, therefore, that the men, naturally base, without shame, and without pity, fear only corporeal punishment, and, that if women were able or permitted, to avenge the injuries that are done to them, in the same manner as they are obliged to resent the slightest insult among themselves, many, who now appear in the ranks of society, would be banished: they would withdraw to desert solitude, there to hide their shame and perfidy. Impudence and effrontery

* The laws exonerated the women from all hard labours.

are the prevailing qualities of the young men, especially when they incur no risk. The motive of their conduct towards women needs no other explication: but I cannot yet discover the foundation of that contempt which they shew for them: I will try, however, for I am self-interested in the inquiry. Oh, my dear Aza! what would be my agony, if, when you arrive, they should speak to you of me as I hear them speak of others."

London; or, Truth without Treason. By F. Lathom.

We have read most of the productions of this gentleman with extreme pleasure, and are happy to acknowledge that the one now before us has equal claim to praise with any of the preceding. We are pleased to observe that his sentiments, with regard to individual satire, accord with our own; and that, disdaining such paltry and inhuman subterfuges, he has evinced his superior understanding by the production of a tale, which both interests the feelings and diverts the mind, without prejudice to the heart or degradation of the intellect. That Mr. Lathom may long pursue the judicious track, to which taste and genius directs, is our sincere wish; and we shall ever unhesitatingly give the warmest applause in our power to his entertaining productions.

Leontina. By Kotzebue.

This is an interesting tale, and related in language which cannot fail to awaken the sensibility of the reader; we do not, however, recommend it as unexceptionable. The moral, if it has any, is not sufficiently obvious; and the style is too luxuriant not to be somewhat injurious in its effects. In short, we conceive that amusement might be conveyed with less danger, and sensibility directed to a more worthy object, than the indulgence of a criminal attachment.

The Elements of English Education, intended for the Improvement of Youth. By John Brown. Crosby and Co.

THIS volume will prove extremely serviceable to youth, as it comprises the rudiments of useful knowledge, arranged with perspicuity and judgment. Grammar, Geography, and History, are the principal subjects, and are rendered familar to any capacity, by the simplicity of style in which they are explained. At the end of the book are selections from the best authors, which blend amusement with instruction; on the whole, it is highly deserving of recommendation.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. XI.

TO MAKE EXCELLENT GINGER WINE.

PUT seven pounds of Lisbon sugar into four gallons of spring water, boil it a quarter of an hour, and keep skimming it all the time; when the liquor is cold, squeeze in the juice of two lemons, and then boil the peels with three ounces of ginger, in three pints of water, for an hour. When cold, put all together into a barrel, with two spoonfuls of yeast, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, beat very thin, and two or three pounds of jar raisins stoned, with a pint of the best brandy. Then close it up; let it stand seven weeks before you bottle it off.

TO MAKE CAPILLAIRE.

TAKE fourteen pounds of loaf sugar, three pounds of coarse sugar, and six eggs well beaten; put these into three quarts of water, boil it up twice; skim it well, then add a quarter of a pint of orange-flower water; strain it through a jelly bag, and put it into bottles for use. A few spoonfuls of this put into a glass of water, makes a pleasant summer drink; and is very convenient to sweeten punch.

MEDICINAL LEMONADE.

TAKE half a dozen of the freshest lemons, squeeze all the juice out of them, and steep the rinds for about four hours in two quarts of cold water; then take two ounces of cream of tartar, pour on it a pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold. This liquor must next be mixed with that in which the lemon peels were steeped, and the juice; stir them well together, and let them stand about a quarter of an hour; sweeten it to your taste with powdered loaf sugar; strain it through muslin, and bottle it off for use.—This is a very agreeable drink, and an excellent anti-scorbutic.

Observations on the Fashions.

DRESSES of transparent coloured muslin, plain or figured, are worn of a walking length, with worked net sleeves, from the shoulder.—Tippets of coloured sarsenet, or short cloaks of net, are generally worn.—Fancy bonnets of crape in the cottage shape, with chenille worked edges, have a pretty effect; scarfs to correspond.—The prevailing colours are pale blue, straw, and light green.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1. A plain leno dress over a white satin under dress, ornamented with white pearls, festooned in front; straw coloured gloves, diamond necklace, and white kid shoes.

Fig. 2.—Short dress of fine cambric, with a green silk mantle; bonnet to correspond, with a lace veil. Buff gloves.

Sandt fe

LONDON DRESSES for JUNE.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry. June 1st. 1809.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE TEAR OF SORROW.

THE purest tear pale pity pours,
With heart for others bleeding,
When wild with pain some suff'rer roars,
For ease too vainly pleading.

The softest sighs mute sorrow breathes,
For drooping beauty's flower;
The saddest garland friendship wreathes,
Round some deserted bower:

Must all to Julia's fate be giv'n,
No more our earthly treasure;
Accept them! where in highest heav'n
You taste eternal pleasure.

Such excellence, sweet saint, as thine,
E'en virtue's self might borrow;
Still will I seek thy peaceful shrine,
To shed the tear of sorrow.

May 5, 1809. J. M. D.

THE VIOLET AND THE BRAMBLE.

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

Suivant l'usage des Indes, j'empaunte, pour me faire entendre, le langage des fleurs. *La Chaumiere Indienne.*

THE sweetest of flow'rets, on Flora's lap blowing,
A violet, gemm'd by the heaven's pure dew,
On a green mossy bank one spring morning was growing,
How charming its odour! how lovely its hue!

The butterfly, struck with the scent of the blossom,
Perch'd near, and his fond admiration express'd;
And the bee, as he ravish'd the sweets of her bosom,
In a low whisper'd murmur his passion confess'd.

On the bank, o'er the vi'let, a bramble was spreading
His rude thorny arms, who to win her aspir'd;
But who scarcely would breathe what he felt, justly dreading,
With flattery to mar the fair flow'r he admir'd.

With the butterfly's gay downy pinions delighted,
And pleas'd by the softly humm'd tale of the bee;
The love of the poor lowly bramble she slighted,
And treated him coolly—as Sarah does me.

With the mid-day sun's beams a rich rose was discover'd;
To adore it the bee and the butterfly stray'd,
And forgot, o'er its bright op'ning charms, as they hover'd,
All the vows to the credulous vi'let they'd made.

E're long the spring sun by dark vapours was clouded,
The rain crush'd the rose, and its pride was no more;
While the bramble's kind branches the violet shrouded,
And refresh'd by the show'r, 'twas more sweet than before.

So charming the scent to the zephyrs it yielded,
I fain to my Sarah the prize would have borne;
But too well by the still faithful bramble 'twas shielded,
Which my fingers repell'd with its sharp pointed thorn.

The vi'let, now join'd to the bramble, confesses,
True love in the plainest of forms may reside;
And, tho' fervent the passion the flatt'rer expresses,
He should ne'er be believ'd, till his truth has been tried.

W. R.

ACROSTIC.

S TERN winter has quitted his dreary domain
U nfetter'd, the riv'let its murmurs renew;
S ee Flora's gay treasures embroider the plain,
A nd the rosy-fac'd morn decks the mead with fresh dew.
N ow Philomel moves the pale empress of night—
N ight silently listens to catch her sweet tale;
A nd oft, till bright Hesper awakens the light,
H er melody echoes along the still vale.

G lad Zephyrus rifles the rose of her sweets,
O r wantonly scatters perfumes in the grove;
L ove joyously peeps from his wint'ry retreats,
D elighted the valleys and woodlands to rove.
S weet season of fragrance! bright morn of the year!
M y senses enchanted, thy footsteps attend,
I grieve when thy beauties no longer appear,
T hough still thou art present, when *Susan* is near,
H er mind is the clime where thy reign has no end.

COLCHESTER. ALFRED.

LINES,

Written on visiting the Tomb of Miss Mary ——, lately deceased.

IF the dread chaos of the silent tomb
Held fast the spirit in eternal gloom;
If the soul perish'd with the fleeting breath,
And shar'd with nature in the pangs of death;
If virtue slumber'd in the noiseless dust,
One common fate for vicious and for just;
What tender eye would ever cease to weep,
O'er the cold earth where Mary's ashes sleep?
What bosom ever cease to throb with pain,
If Mary's faultless life were spent in vain?
If deeds so perfect, piety so bright,
Were clos'd at last in shades of deepest night?
If all was lost in dark oblivion's wave,
And no fair prospect dawn'd beyond the grave?
But endless praises, oh! indulgent heav'n!
From adoration's tongue to thee be giv'n;
For this thy mandate, this thy blest decree,
The soul that worshipp'd, shall repose in thee.

And when exhausted time proclaims the day,
That tears from death his tyrannizing sway,
When Christ shall bend to earth in clouds of fire,
And wearied nature sicken and expire;
When thro' the world the voice of thunder swells,
And wakes the tenants of these narrow cells,
Sounds thro' the caverns of the yawning deep,
And breaks the chain of adamantine sleep,
Mary shall rise immortal from the tomb,
Array'd in smiles, and all a seraph's bloom;
And snatch'd by angels to their peaceful skies,
Meet recompence in bliss that never dies.

OSCAR.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

'TWAS on a lovely summer's day,
When Phœbus shot his glowing ray,
And nature wore the green attire,
While careless sung the feather'd choir,
A butterfly forsook its nest,
And cross the meads in verdure drest,
On ambient air began to try
Its silken plume of various dye;
O'er velvet lawns, thro' shady bow'rs,
And beds of oderific flowers;
Thro' groves and forests richly dight,
The dazzling insect took its flight;
At length, exhausted with fatigue,
It settled on a slender sprig,
That overhung a streamlet's side,
Where running waters smoothly glide;
There, whilst among the leaves it sate,
And shook its wings with pride elate,
Unconscious of its cruel fate,
A boy, who long its progress view'd,
With quicken'd step his course pursu'd,
Through many a field and rural plain,
He try'd to catch, but try'd in vain;
Till having spied, with raptur'd breast,
The gilded insect stop to rest;
Along the grass, with anxious soul,
And eager hope, he softly stole,
With cautious foot, and eye sedate,
The wicked urchin flung his hat;
When the poor fly, ah! sad to tell,
To wanton mirth a victim fell.
Stretch'd on the ground supine it lies,
Its little wing no more to rise;
Meanwhile, in haste the wanton boy
Seiz'd the bright insect for a toy,
But scarce had he obtain'd the prize,
When all its spangled beauty dies;

Its matchless tints of colours rare,
At once disperse in empty air.
The urchin's breast no longer glows,
But scornful from his presence throws
The thing that recent charm'd his sight,
And fill'd his senses with delight;
It fans no more his youthful fires,
But 'neath his callous foot expires.
—Thus transient joys on life's frail stage,
Oft doth the human mind engage;
'Tis first for this and that we sigh,
What ever object meets the eye.
For wealth and riches oft we mourn,
And numerous others in their turn;
Our appetites know no controul,
It wants a part, and then the whole;
Yet when possess'd worse than before,
It envies still a thousand more.
E'en toss'd on fortune's golden tide,
Ungrateful man's dissatisfied.

Finsbury, April 6, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

THE DYING LOVER.

A ce mot ce heros expiré,
N'a laissé dans mes bras qu'an corps defiguré
Triste objet ou des dieux triomphe la colère. *Racine.*

THE youthful William, late in beauty's pride,
With courage and with manly vigour bless'd;
A mind ingenuous, and a heart sincere
To love, once reign'd in Julia's faithful breast.

Alive to freedom's sacred cause, he sail'd,
And Spanish liberty to save he try'd;
But, ah! how shall my muse the tale relate,
A Frenchman's sword his bosom pierc'd, he died.

But ere cold death had reach'd his fault'ring tongue,
These words to Charles, his friend, he faint address'd;
"Ah! how unlike to what this morn I was,
Now by grim death's relentless fingers press'd.

"At once depriv'd of glory, life, and love,
I'm call'd away far diff'rent scenes to meet;
But when you reach old England's distant shore,
To faithful Julia my sad tale repeat.

"Tell her my love was constant to the last,
That true to her, and her alone, I die;
Tell her on earth I wish her ev'ry bliss,
And ev'ry joy that heaven can supply.

"While in a husband's fond embrace she lies,
And pleasing accents only reach her ear;
Yet sometimes let my fate her bosom touch,
And draw from pity's eye the sacred tear."

Scarce had he spoke, when trembling on his tongue,
The last sad accents fell; he sinks, he dies;
A sight to wake the lay of pity's muse,
And bring down weeping angels from the skies.

March, 1809. MELPOMENE.

EPIGRAM,

ON TAKING A LADY'S HAND.

YOUR virtue, I hope, with your form may compare,
That your mind with your hand may be equally fair.

W. S.

CHARADES.

1.

For my first you an animal take,
Highly useful, domestic, and tame;
The best may my next chance to make,
Nor forfeit their right for the name.

From these you'll discover a flower with ease,
Whose beauty and modest simplicity please. C. M.

2.

My first the first doth signify,
My second brings a loss or gain;
And from my whole are students led,
The heights of learning to attain.

CHARLOTTE.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

Con-science.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor begs to assure Oscar that the Lines he alludes to were not received, or they should not have remained so long unnoticed. His other favour shall have early insertion.

Lines on the Anniversary of a Young Lady's Death, are reserved for insertion.

Charades, by Z. Z. are acceptable, and shall appear as soon as possible.

The Valentine, and Answer, are rather out of season.

Our poetical correspondents are so numerous, that we cannot possibly find room for one half of their favours; all that we have not positively rejected, shall be inserted in due order.

We have several interesting articles in hand, which are reserved for our next volume; among these we must acknowledge, The Furze Cutter, a Novel; some Tales, translated from the French; and Miscellaneous Communication, by L. B. M. M. and X. R.

We are under the necessity of apologizing for the unavoidable delay of the following pieces, viz.—The Consolation—Rosa; or, Rural Recollections—An Enigma, by C. M.

We have looked in vain for the Sonnet mentioned by S—, and think he must intend his remark for some other publication.

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